

HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Friday, March 28, 1919

Vol. II

"What is well done is done soon enough"

No. 75

Big Dance in Pavilion "C" Tonight

Every one on the Post invited



America has no room for him

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AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

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Saying is one thing, and doing another.



Take down a history of the United States and you will discover this unmistakable truth, that all opportunity does not flow along in a steady stream like a river, but comes and goes in great tides.

There was a high tide after the Civil War; then followed the panic of 1873. There was a high tide after the Spanish-American War; followed by the panic of 1907.

There is a high tide now, and those who make the most of it need not fear what will happen when the tide recedes. The shrewdest men in the country are putting themselves beyond the reach of fear, *now*.

After every war comes the great successes and great failures. Weak men go down in the critical years, while the strong men grow stronger. Give this your best consideration, YOU men of Debarkation Hospital No. 52.



The Bible stands right in the center, in the market places of our lives, and there bubbles with the waters of life. It is, itself, the fountain, the inexhaustible fountain,

and only those who have learned from it, and only those who have drank of those waters, can be refreshed for the long journey.—Woodrow Wilson.



ISN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!

FOR LOVERS—Red Hot Tips—It will go over big with the young lady if in an off-hand way you refer to the yellow flowers as a profusion of jasmine. The many white flowers seen hereabouts are known as bridal wreath. Show her that you are long on sentimental stuff by knowing these flowers by name. Don't forget the apple blossoms and peach blossoms. You can use the latter very pointedly. Get us? Hum "Peaches Down in Georgia" while holding a peach blossom. She'll get it. She'll say, "Who? Me?" And you will go over all in one swoop as poet, artist, lover, and all those wonderful things you want to be in her eyes.



IN THE ZOO.

Awa' the pigs, silent are the dogs. But with us still, that we may not be forsaken, are the white rabbits and the guinea pigs. Cutey are these, and "ah! me!" to think that Man must use these little fellows as cantonments for germs.



Men are apt to believe what they least understand.



STILL TO THE OUTERGONE.

Much as the animals leaving Noah's Ark, the leavings may be recorded now as in two by two. For example, Miss Cooley and Lt. Kohler made a Western train last night. Miss Connelly made a Southern train, and Misses Jordan and Judd are the only nurses left, as Lelah, the sometimes called "Post Peach," is chug-chugging Chicagoward. Capt. Rundquist came through here, a joyous happy civilian, as did also Capt. Kenworthy and Berlucci.



HEADS STILL UP FOR

Wednesday night saw another splendid program at the Red Cross Building. The regular all-star Keith Red Cross Vaudeville was preceded by a first-class movie. The vaudeville itself was the best seen on this circuit, and we regard the last statement as some praise. The acts included comedy singing

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by the Teller Sisters and a singing and dancing act by Rawley and Tointon. These acts were very good, but the Quaker City Quartette was really a knockout, as excellent entertainment. The comedy was good, their singing helped make Wednesday night the most pleasant the post has seen.

AND ALL UNDER THE SAME ROOF AND FOR THE SAME ADMISSION.

Occurred a charming little dancing party, sponsored by Mrs. Kern and Mr. Kellar. Pretty girls, refreshments and excellent dance music by the Clifford Green Orchestra. All these features left nothing to be desired. In other words, a perfect dance evening.



NOTE WELL OUTLANDERS.

That we are still doing business, and the slogan "Heads Out but Never Down" is going over in this fashion—TWO DANCES—One for Friday and one for Monday—of course, on the upper floor of old Ward C.



WE NEGLECTED TO MENTION YESTERDAY

In making records of human achievements, such as world records, etc., that

MOSES HOCHWALD is the Champion Food Destroyer south of the Mason and Dixon Line.

AND THAT BUCK PRIVATE PETERS is the post Don Juan.



Nothing is so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking.



OUR EDEN AND THE APPLE

STORY—It came to pass that in our Eden there was no Eve, save the auction evening, and the forbidden fruit was compressed into a joyous juice in a keg container. Limpid, clear, sparkling, with the cutest kick in it. Wherefore, it came to pass that certain of the Medics and Motor Transports conveyed the forbidden fruit to the edge of our Eden, just back of the Stadium. Unashamed and unafraid of the voice of the Lord calling them, these modern Adams held wassail, and as in the creation, original sin came over our Eden, and these apple tipplers "had to get up in the morning". AND THERE WAS LIGHT FOR Hawkshaw Hartley, in the role

of Old Sleuth, got out his bleed-hounds and nose to the earth (this goes for Hawk as well as the bleedhounds), and said, "I'll find that old Cider Keg," and he sure do. Before doing so, he consulted the famous crime specialist of baseball alley, none other than Cpl. Nick Carter Stauffer, and so the Fall of Man, or rather men, in our own Eden by the use of the forbidden fruit is hereby completely recorded. Some say that good detectives must necessarily be half-rogue. Nonetheless, we don't think that just because Hartley and Stauffer found it so easily that they were in on the tippie. Oh no! Need we mention to the discriminating and astute reader, versed in the understanding of human nature, that the keg was the only thing that was dry? We'll say No!



The wrong way always seems the more reasonable.



WAX DUST FROM THE DANCE FLOOR.

Goldsmith was noticed jazzing on the side lines with the post's full-blooded canine, "Scotty." He must contemplate booking up a dog act on the Keith circuit.



Mystery lurks behind the queer ride Phipps had with the motorman around 9 P. M. Wednesday evening. McCune helped him get the party complete, after using their worst efforts to see through a party "all their own." They warbled a duet "How can you tame Wild Women?" Hope it's soon accomplished. Go to it!



After doing a bit of "preparedness" in the way of dancing cadence behind closed curtains at the Red X House Wednesday afternoon, Dominic was among the missing on the floor at the big dance that same evening. Why?



The "Gay White Way" cloggers were in the limelight after greeting dear old pals of bygone happy days, the Teller Sisters. Of course, we mean our own, Sam and Jack.



Bix says the big blonde is too heavy for his feet, and anyhow she can't "shimmie" anyway.



KACY KELLY GIVING BIG DANCE TONIGHT! COME EVERYBODY.

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OUR OWN ULYSSES.

This later day Roman sought no Helen of Troy, (unless there be one in Troy, N. Y.), but, to frivol with a word, he's done some roaming. Herewith appears something of the activities of our own wandering warrior, Doctor, Capt. Berlucci. The details were extracted by the use of an ice pick and some honeyed words. "Berlucci first reported for duty at Camp Mills, Garden City, L. I., September 18, 1917. Here he was put on escort duty conveying the sick of the 41st or Sunset Division and the 42d or Rainbow Division across Long Island to the various New York hospitals. "Berlucci" said there were many of these unfortunates and of course many trips. By way of local color, "Berlucci" reports that Sgts. Hollister and Duffy were on the job there, as they were and are here, and remained there also to close up the hospital. They are reported to have had characteristic pep, optimism and warmth even in twenty degrees below zero weather. Capt. Berlucci was then ordered on escort trips across the Atlantic Ocean, and in his work there met again many of the sick of the Sunset and Rainbow Divisions that he had escorted previously to the New York hospitals, who, of course, in the meantime, have completely recovered. As "Berlucci" expresses it, on board ship there were two enemies now, germs and Germans. The latter were in submarines, and nearly as numerous as the germs in early 1918. On the U. S. Army Transport "Amphiom" the Captain said many subs were sighted and torpedoes dodged. Many times all nearly went to Davy Jones' locker. Ships about them were observed stricken and sunk. Capt. Berlucci had seen others several times, when on Oct. 12, 1918, one of the super-subs with deck guns, engaged with his ship, in a pitched battle. After an hour and a half, the Captain reports his ship to have escaped by a miracle, with many dead and dying on the decks, large holes in the sides of the ship, one-half of their life boats gone, and the wireless house demolished.

Finally the respite. The order read this time to go to Debarkation Hosp. No. 52, to assist others, in the work of rehabilitation of those who had suffered so much in the fight for liberty.

While here, he has met quite a number of the original patients of the hospitals on Long Island.

In brief, this is Capt. Berlucci's history, and we in the editorial rooms of "Heds Up" feel that "Berlucci" has been very much S. I. L., i.e., soldier in luck.

WITH OUR OWN REPORTER.

IMPROMPTU DANCE—By an original cast at the Red Cross House on Wednesday afternoon. With Lelah and Dominic in the role of "The Castles" they hopped to the strains of a Dixie Jazz Band, composed of Lt. Kohler, violin; Capt. Slattery, drums; Mr. Johnson, Red Crossover, drummer, and Ivory Tickler Shankweiler.

Sgts. Moore and Neely spent a most enjoyable evening Wednesday at the Red Cross House, teaching two young ladies how to play pool. Oh! my! one young woman trimmed Sgt. Neely after he had given her the first lesson. Take our advice, Sarge, and stay away from the pool table.

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN UNEXPECTED—Sgt. Moore was jazzing around Wednesday evening after absence of five years from the ballroom. What is affecting this young man?

Wanted—An experienced railroader; one with army experience preferred. A good opportunity for a Sgt. Major.

Cook Wolfe:—Please give us a recipe for those pineapple fritters that we had Wednesday for supper.

Some Hair Tonic. Shevy is complaining of needing a hair cut. Help him out drink dispenser, Cpl. Cider Hartley.

Pvt. 1st Class McClellan continues to wear his overcoat regardless of the hot sun.

A THOS. EDISON IN OUR MIDST—Sgt. McDermott has invented a new barber chair, composed of two articles, which are an office chair and broom stick. A bet is on that he will have a crick in his neck tomorrow.

Sgt. Robinson MUST be a good love-maker, but when it comes to playing pool, "Old Kid" you're ROTTEN.

"Red" Waxman is cleaning them up again. He has his chair in basement of brick barracks. Pvt. Squire was the first trimmed, with Cpl. Stauffer and his walking stick, on deck.

Pvt. 1st Class Lau diving for pearls in the mess kitchen, says, "if he is lucky enough to find a valuable one, he will use the proceeds for a schooling in cartooning.

SEE YOU TOMORROW.